MEMOIRS
OF
The Life and Death of the Famous *MADAM CHARLTON*;
Commonly Stiled the
German Princess.

Setting forth the whole series of her Actions, with all their Intrigues, and subtile Contrivances from her Cradle to the fatal period of her Raign at *Tiburn*.

Being an account of her Penitent behaviour, in her absteining from food and rest, in the Prison of *Newgate*, from the time of her Condemnation, to her Execution, *January* 23 1672.

Taken from her own Relation, whilst she was Prisoner in the Marshalses, and other certain information.

With her Nativity Astrologically handled, and an Epitaph on her Tomb.

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London, Printed for *Philip Brooksby*, next door to the Ball in *West-Smith-field*, neer the *Hospital-Gate*. 1673.

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THE LIFE OF THE German Princess, &c.

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THIS no wonder the World is full of Impositors, since it's self a at full value is but a Cheat. Nature has her Bristow-stones, as well as Diamonds, and though these carry no proportion of solid worth with Real Gems, yet they have something that glitters, and surprizes almost as much: A bold Metheor exhald from Bogs or Dunghills, hurried by a giddy motion to the upper Region, may out-beard the Sun, and with a Prodigious Blaze, attract more eyes, and wonder, then all the glorions Lamps of Heaven: some people possest with a strange Phrensie of ambition, reguard not what they do or suffer, so they may but make noise enough. And *Diana*'s Temple (though one of the Worlds wonders) shall be burned to gain an Herostatus an infamous Fame.

Our preſent Celebrated, yet unhappy ſubject the Notorious *GERMAN PRINCESS* was too much of this gay ſlanting humour, her towring ſpirit was too large for her narrow fortunes, whoſe ſhort wings ſhe ſtrove to imput with the gawdy plume: of ingenious deceits, and thereby vainly thought to have ſoar'd in a higher ſphear of reputation, above the groveling Level of the vulgar Rabble.

Her aims were great and high, but dazled with falſe appearances, ſhe miſt the proper means to attain them; For deſpairing to arrive at glory, by the difficult, yet only direct Road of vertue, ſhe fondly purſued it in the crooked By-paths of ſubtilty, and Circumventing all that approach'd her: Whereby although ſhe brought her ſelf to the Juſtice of an Ignominious Death, yet in this her ambition might be a little gratified, that ſhe has afforded matter of diſcourſe to the whole Nation, and ſet all the Tongues of Fame on work to tell ſtories of her.

To ſay where ſhe was born is a little difficult, ſince as many Towns lay claim to that honour, as there did Cities in the days of *Yore* fall together by the ears about the Birth-place of *Homer*: Nor are the Heralds leſs at variance concerning her Pedigree and Bearing.

Some alledge that ſhe was only Daughter to the great Duke of *Oundenia*, and Heireſs to vaſt Teritories of his, in the Mountains of the Moon. Others, that ſhe was born at *Cullen* in *Germany*, the Daughter of an advocate, who left her the proper inheritance of his profeſſion, a large portion of Confidence, and a voluble charming Tongue. Nor want there ſome ſerious Coffee-drinkers who will depoſe, they knew her Father a *Scotch* Pedler, who rambling abroad ſtole a mighty Jewel, that weigh'd four pounds and a half out of the grand Seigniours Turbant, and was for that (like *Sabotai Levi*) flead alive, till he dyed at *Conſtantinople*.

But

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But the moſt credible and currant opinion, is that the World was firſt bliged with her preſence at *Canterbury* in *Kent*, being the generous off-ſpring of a jolly Fidler; one ſo excellently skilled in the Melodious Art, that like a ſecond *Orpheus* he has often drawn hither all the Brutes and Savages about the Town to admire and dance after the harmony of his Crowd; for whoſe better accommodation, her mother ſold a cup of nappy Ale, and lived by theſe two excellent Myſteries to the envy of moſt of their Neighbours.

As for the Age of our Illuſtrious *Heroina* any man might gueſs of late by her aſpect that it was ſomewhat above Thirty years ſince her loving Parents made uſe of the means to beget her.

But I that am curious to gratifie inquiſitive Readers in ſuch weighty circumſtances, can be much more exact, having received from a very able Artiſt the Scheam or Figure of the Heavens at the moment of her birth, which I could not but publiſh to the World for the ſake of the Studious Arteſt, as not knowing whether in any of the numerous Nativities obtruded on the World, there be any thing more of truth, or that ſo remarkably demonſtrates the veriety of celeſtial influences and Infalibility of the ſtar reading Art.

Born ſhe was the 10th of *April* 1639. At which time (as thoſe that are capable to judge, will find, if they pleaſe to erect the Figure) the Princely Sign ♌ aſcends, and the Sun Lord of it poſited with ☿ in the Houſe of Honour: This ſpeaks the Native, Brave, Magnanimous, Majeſtick, and Ingenious ♄ afflicting. The ſecond argues her perpetual wanton deſire, at leaſt of money, occaſioned by her own profuſeneſs, which ſly *Mercury* prompts her to ſupply by irregular courſes, the aſcendent coming by direction to the ſquare of *Mars* (which happens in *Leo*, *Leo* in the ſecond, and juſt now began to operate) pronounces her fatal

Doom by the hand of Juſtice, and Sentance of a Magiſtrate, as is in the 10th. very oppolitely ſhews.

But to proceed----- Scarce had our famous Native took leave of her ſtanding ſtool, and got the uſe of her pratling Tongue, but ſhe began to promiſe ſomething more than ordinary in all her words and geſtures.

At Five years Age ſhe read Engliſh perfectly, and play'd with rare dexterity on the Virginals and Violins; ſhe would always obtrude her ſelf into the company of the beſt Children in the City, with whoſe Relations, her winning Deportment, and ingenious anſwers on all occaſions, ſoon did ingratiate her, inſomuch that ſeveral perſons of good quality frequently took her home as a Play-mate for their little ones for a week together: Nor were her Infant fingers (if report ſpeak true) free from Bi[illegible]dlime, and that attractive quality, which could even then ſlily convey any pretty thing ſhe lik'd, without the leaſt ſuſpition or diſcovery: She ever was (like moſt of her Sex) a great lover of finery, and would therefore with a very good grace either beg, or by ſome other Mercurial ſtratagem procure cloaths above her fathers Purſe or Condition; but had an irreconcilable Averſion to all kind of laborious drudgery, and many a pitch Battel there happened betwixt her mother and ſhe on that occaſion, till the prudent old Matron perceiving that this buſie little Bee brought moſt Honey to the Hive from abroad (for ſhe never returned home but fraught with a large carge of Victuals, Cloaths, or other more conſiderable prize) quietly permitted her to make uſe of her Talent, which ſhe ſo improved, as in ſhort time to grow very expert in Writing, Dancing, Singing, and all curioſities of the Needle, all which ſhe attained by her own happy ingenuity, that ſeem'd (like the Philoſophers firſt matter) capable of all forms, and

and rendred every thing ſhe ſaw done eaſie for her to imitate.

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Thus ſhe continued till ſhe was entred into her fourteenth year, when a young Lady in her journey to *Dover*, in Order to Embarque for *France*, coming to *Canterbury* reſolved to ſpend a few days in viewing the Antiquities of that Eminent Place, and eſpecially the Renowned Cathedral, which yet ſome rude Sacrilegious hands had then lately Rob'd of its chiefeſt beauties, *Confident Mal.* (for by that name was our Princeſs then generally called) underſtanding this Lady intended for *France*, having dreſt her ſelf to the beſt advantage, goes to her Lodging, and being admitted to her preſence, briskly acquaints her, That ſhe was a *Poor Mans Child of that City, and though her Education had not been coſtly, ſhe had ſome ſmall ſmattering in thoſe common qualities that Embeliſh a Woman; For the Refineing and perfecting which, ſhe had a great deſire to ſerve ſome perſon of Quality, and never wiſht for any thing with more paſſion, then that ſhe might have an opportunity to viſit* France, *whither ſhe heard her Ladyſhip was then going, and that if her Ladyſhip would pleaſe to admit her to wait on her thither, ſhe would by her future ſervices endeavour to merit pardon for the boldneſs, of the preſent Addreſſes.*

The Lady not a little ſurprized to hear ſuch a requeſt ſo handſomely expreſt by a meer Stanger ſo young, ask'd her ſeveral queſtions, whereof ſome perhaps might be impertinent as any thing in this Narrative, and therefore we ſhall omit them here.

But in fine, ſhe took her in, as part of her retinue, and with that Family, within three weeks after ſhe arrived at *Paris*. She is now in that Accademy of *Europe*.

In France *! the ſtaple of new Modes,*
Where Garbs and Meens are currant Goods,
That ſerve the under Northern *Nations,*
With Methods of addreſs and Treat,
Preſcribes new Garnitures and faſhons,
And how to drink, and how to eat,
No out of faſhion Wine or Meat.
To know the Age and Pedigrees,
Of Points, of Flaunders, and Venice :
To affect the pureſt negligences:
To read the moſt Authentick of Romances,
And to demonſtrate with ſubſtantial reaſon,
What Ribbons all the year are in and out of ſeaſon.

Here ſhe continued four years, high in her Ladies favour, during which time ſhe made her ſelf Miſtreſs of that Courtly language, and the *French* aſſurance which our young Gallants travel to acquire, in her was natural.

She was at that age a plump ſucculent Girl, with a face no way contemptible, but a fine Wit, a charming Tongue, and a humour ſo brisk and gay, as if no other Elements but fire and Air had club'd to her compoſition.

Theſe attractions, and her petulant deportment drew on a number of Monſiers to Court her, for that Trifle which men ſo much covet to enjoy, and women to be rid of, but ſhe like a diſcreet market-woman plotting to ſell her ware to the beſt advantage, received them all equally with promiſing ſmiles, and diſpenced the ſame endaering Careſſes to every one. This brought her in a large Harveſt of preſents, and the better

better to draw them in ſhe would for ſuch a Diamond Ring, rich Bracelet, or Necklace of Pearl, promiſe ſome Cully the great kindneſs, but be ſure aforehand would order one of their other Maids always at the time and place appointed, to diſturb and prevent the aſſignation.

Amongſt the reſt a dapper Tailor that work'd to her Lady would needs have been tampering with her forebodies, and though ſhe ſcorned his lonzy addreſſes, and had often ſharply repulſt him, yet he preſenting her ſtill with his importunities, ſhe reſolving to be reveng'd on his ſawſineſs, pretends to comply, and for the value of Threeſcore Crowns to be paid in hand, promiſes to let him in at a back-door about midnight to her embraces. The overjoyed Taylor pawning ſome odd moveables he had, raiſes the ſame and gave it her; but being that morning to carry home ſome Garments of her Ladies to alter, ſhe cunningly wrapt up therein two or three pieces of her Ladies plate, which he coming home found with great admiration, but fancying 'twas only a ſrolique of his Miſtreſſes kindneſs to return him part of ſatisfaction for the threeſcore Crowns he had given her, without acquainting any body, lays them up, and with much impatience waits for the bleſſed hour; That night ſhe (who had the charge of every thing) ſtayd up late, left the back-door and two other doors unlock'd, and ſubtily taking away the reſt of her Ladies Plate, to a great value, hid it in a place, whence ſhe might at any time ſecretly remove it: Then to bed ſhe goes, but keeps her ſelf awake with laughing till ſhe hears her eager Gallant entred the houſe, and got groping in the dark in the Chamber next to her, where the Plate uſually ſtood: then all on a ſudden ſhe crys out as loud as ſhe could bellow, *Thives, Thieves.* Poor

Stitch

Stitch amaz'd at the unexpected outcry, had almoſt bewray'd himſelf, and ſpoil'd the room through the exceſs of his fears, but ſhe continuing her dreadful exclamations, he found no hopes of ſafety but in ſpeedy flight, which he no ſooner attempts, but miſſtepping rould down headlong a whole pair of ſtairs, to the great damage of his ſhins and elbows, and riſing with an excellent dexterity at bottom, unhappily run his noddle againſt a cruel poſt, which cut his forehead almoſt to the skul, and thus rufully mauld, with much adoe made his eſcape.

In the mean time the Alarm is taken, the Ladies frighted, the people of the houſe get up, and finding the doors open, and all the Plate gone: Miſtreſs *Mary* proteſts ſhe is almoſt frighted out of her wits, and hoarſe with crying out, that ſhe heard the Rogues very plain, that one tumbled down ſtairs, and ſhe ſuppoſed hurt himſelf, for ſhe heard him cry, *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!* and was confident it was no other voice then her Ladies Tailors, who by his familiarity in the houſe might have got falſe keys, &c.

Loath they were to ſuſpect him, but her evidence perſwades them however for ſatisfaction to get an Officer to ſearch his houſe next morning, whom they find in his bed all be-mortified, and three pieces of plate with the Ladies Arms on it, in his Trunk. The amazed fellow in vain makes proteſtations of his innocence: before a Magiſtrate he is carried, who threatens him with the wriack to diſcover the reſidue of the plate, and his Confederates, but at the good natur'd Ladies requeſt that was waved, and he only cenſured to be branded, and ſoundly whip'd, which being executed accordingly our mercileſs Princeſs to upbraid the afflicted innocent, very gravely asks whether ſuch a cure of the Letcherous Itch was not well worth 60 Crown.

At

At last her Lady taking some notice of her extravagancies, they part, not without some disadvantage to the Lady: and our Lady Errant returns for *England*, and for a small time lives very soberly at *Canterbury*, where a Shoomaker that had a very good stock of money falls in love with her, and by his importunities and her fathers, she is prevailed with to Marry him: But their Nuptial bed was scarce warm, when her active Genious weary of such a dull life began to plot to shift the Scene; and thereupon carrying it exceeding tendly to her husband without suspition, whilst he is from home she packs up the best of her apparel, and all the money she had, being about 14 pounds, and slips to *Margaret*, and thence to *Harwich*, where getting a Maid as good as her self, she in the Packet-boat, crosses to *Holland*, takes a Noble Lodging at *Amsterdam*, and assumes the quality of a great *English* Lady, by the Title of *Dutchess of Ramford*, that for some particular reasons desired to remain there a while Incognito.

Here she sends for an eminent Jeweller, who several times attended her, and at last she made choice of as many Jewels as she bargained to pay him two thousand pounds for, but told him she had not money at present, and therefore desired she might seal them up in that box which he used to bring them in, and that he would keep them for her three weeks, in which time at farthest her money would be returned, and not offer to dispose of them till then. Whereas she having observed the box at his several comings, had in the mean time caused another to be made exactly like it, and kept it by her ready sealed up, and when he gave her his to seal by an excellent Leger demain she put the charge upon him, and soon after removed into *England*, leaving poor Swearing *Hans* at the three weeks end to look for his Chapwoman, and open his sealed box, where he finds nothing but a few small Pebbles, and these Lines in *English*.

Myne

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Myne Heer ! I thank you for your Indian Ware,
For since your Nation seeks to rook us there
In gross ; This petty retail cheat may pass,
As just Repriſalls,--------So Adiew Van Aſs.

From *Amſterdam* ſhe comes to *London*, gives out ſhe is a Country Gentlewoman, and an Heireſs to a great fortune in *Leiceſterſhire*, which drew an old Miſerly Bricklayer to court her, who fancying the Chymiſtry of her Wit might Extract ſome Elixar of Profit out of that withered Picture of Time (as ſhe uſed to call him) receives his Addreſſes, and at laſt Marries him, but after a Fortnights time marcht off with neer two hundred Peices of his Idolized Gold, and takes a Lodging neer *Smithfield*, where ſhe met with a rich Graſiers ſon of *Romney-Marſh* in *Kent* : And making him believe ſhe was an Eminent Citizens Daughter, inveigled him to be a Suitor to her, with whom after ſeveral treats in Town, ſhe attended with her Maid, goes down to *Graveſend*, There he ſpends all the Money he had taken for his Cattel in *London*, and then ſhe takes him aboard a Ship, makes him drunk with a Bowl or two of Punch, takes ten Guinnies of the Maſter for him, and leaves him faſt aſleep, bound to ſeek his Fortunes at *Barbado's*. But juſt as the Tiltboat went off, and ſhe was returning for *London*, ſhe ſends a Letter to the Mayor of *Graveſend*, (who by that Office is a Juſtice of Peace) in her Cullies Name, intreating his aſſiſtance to bring him off, which the Mayor did, and the Maſter had his ſhare in the Cheat as well as the Countryman.

Fluſht with theſe late Succeſſes ſhe lays the Plot of a Nobler Comedy, which conferred on her the gay Title of *GER-*

GERMAN PRINCESS ever after; All the way in her Paſſage ſhe ſpoke either Dutch or Broken Engliſh, and pretended ſhe was juſt come from beyond the Seas; The Tiltboat arrived about Midnight, and ſhe is forced to go as far as a Tavern neer the Royal *Exchange* with a Gentleman, whoſe civility to a ſuppoſed Stranger oblig'd him to take care for Lodging for her: There they find people up, and ſhe and her Maid are houſed for that Night. Next day, being dreſt very ſplendidly, ſhe Compliments her Landlady, and agrees to continue her Lodging there: ſhe was brave in her Deportment, and Noble in her Expences, which tempted the woman of the houſe to be Inquiſitive what ſhe was, whilſt ſhe on all occaſions induſtriouſly avoided the declaring of her Quality or Concerns, till finding the People wrought up to a high expectation, ſhe writes two Letters, and deſires the Woman to get them ſent to the Forraign Poſt-houſe; who greedy of that opportunity, breaks them open, but finding them Dutch, is forced to call her Husband (who had formerly been in *Holland*) to read them; He finds one directed to a great Prince, by the Name of Brother: an other to her Steward, ordering great ſumms of Money, and other Gallantries to be returned and ſent to her, and ſubſcribed *Henrietta Maria de Woolway*, Princeſs.

The Letters were ſent away no body need care whether, and our witty ſtranger ſoon found the Plot had took, by the additional reſpects the whole Family paid to her new Vampt Highneſs. But the Vintners Wife was big with other thoughts, conſidering that if ſhe could Match this Illuſtrious perſon to ſome of her friends, ſhe and her Husband would be made for ever. At laſt ſhe pitches on her Cozen Mr. *Charlton*, formerly ſervant to a Scrivener, but then Uſurping the

Name of a Gentleman of the Temple; Him she sends for, and discovers the design; who is resolved to engage in it, but 'tis held absolutely necessary, he should pretend himself at least a Lord, to promote which, his Mother Contributes, and sets at liberty above a hundred long Imprisoned Angels.

Rich Cloaths are taken up, a Coach and Foot-boy, in Livery hired, and a Noble Dinner bespoke at this Tavern for my Lord, whom the *German* Lady with many intreaties was prevailed with to Honour with her Company. ere several Complements past, in fine (to make short of a well known Story) after several Treats, and above two Hundred pounds spent in Courtship, they are Married, and take Noble Lodgings in the *Strand*, and *Charlton* fancies nothing less than to be made a Duke, or some strange Mammamouchy-Titulado; When all these Magnificent Dreams are disturb'd by a sorry Journeyman-shoomaker; who coming in his Masters absence to bring her Highness some Shooes, knew her to be Wife to the before mentioned Shoomaker at *Canterbury*, with whom he had been Prentice; This he divulges amongst the Neighbours, and the Buze at last reaches Mr. *Charltons* Fathers Ear, who being a wary old Gentleman, spake with the Fellow, and finding him persist in his assertion, gets a Warrant, and has her Pageant Highness before a Justice, where most of her Jewels are found Counterfeit, and she on a charge of having two Husbands, is committed to the *Gate-house*: There the Old Bricklayer hears tidings of her, and very kindly came to Inquire for his Wife: This she understanding dresses up another Woman that somewhat resembled her, to personate her: which she acted so to the life, that the Old man (though he made use of his Spectacles for that purpose) took her for

for the ſame, and diſcourſed with her for two hours accordingly, before the Keeper and ſeveral others.

Next Seſſions our Princeſs is tryed at the *Old Bayly* for her Life, for having three Husbands: the Shoomaker, the Bricklayer, and Mr. *Charleon*: the laſt ſhe own'd, the firſt could not be found, the other was not much regarded, ſince it was proved he had charged another woman with it in the Priſon, and therefore 'twas thought he Doated, and did not know whom he have for his Wife.

Thus with applauſe ſhe was Acquitted, and after acted her own part on the publique Theater in the Play made on that Occaſion, called; *The GERMAN PRINCESS*: but 'twas the General Vogue of the Wits, ſhe acted much better to the life in the World, than on its Epitome, the better, and the efore ſhe ſoon left that, and for ſome time Imployed her ſelf in ſeizing ſilver Tankards in all the Taverns and Victualing Houſes about Town, takeing Lodgings, makeing the Servants Drunk, and then Jilting their Maſters. At this ſport ſhe at laſt was Caught; and being Convicted at the Seſſions, was Tranſported into *Virginia*. There ſhe kept up her Old Orandeur, lived high for ſome time, and then boldly returns for *England*, in deſpight of the Sentence.

Then ſhe ſtudies new Pranks; and amongſt the reſt this pleaſant Adventure.

Underſtanding there was a young Apothecary towards *Weſtminſter*, newly ſet up, with a very good ſtock, ſhe engages an Old Woman very often to go

for odd things to his Shop; who one day takeing her opportunity, asks why he did not Marry; He replies, with all his heart, if he could meet with a Virtuous Woman, with any thing of a Fortune; Whereupon told him she was very Intimate with a Gentlewoman, Neice to an Eminent Citizen in *London*, who kept her, and had Two Thousand pounds of hers, payable at the day of Marriage, in his hands: and tells him the Name, and where they lived, telling him he might Inquire of the truth of it; and that if he thought fit, she did not doubt but to bring her into his Company, and drive the Bargain between them: The young man Civilly thanked her, and next day made diligent Enquiry amongst some of this Citizens Neighbours, and finding all things as she had related, he longed to see his intended Mistris. But Mrs. *Wheadle* the Matchmaker first gets him to Seal a Bond of One Hundred Pound Penalty, to pay Fifty Pound on the day of their Marriage, and then appoints him a day for their meeting; but fails him once or twice, on purpose to heighten his Appetite; and at last brings him our Princess to act the Citizens Neice, whom he Treats Nobly, and several Meetings they had: In fine, she confest her kind Inclinations to him, which he no sooner heard, but in an Extasie of Joy he urges a Marriage forthwith, which she excuses for want of Cloaths, and alledged it was impossible she should get any from her Uncles without smoaking the Design; whereupon in a gay humour he flings a Hundred Peices into her Lap, and bids her provide what she pleased, being resolved before she returned to her Uncles, to Marry her.

Accor-

Accordingly next morning Married they were, and having lain with him two Nights, she told him 'twas necessary she should go back to her Uncles, but desired him the next day to come and demand her, and her Portion, which she knew could not be denied him; He was well satisfied, and the next day went thither, inquiring for the Grave Cittizen, who demanding his business, he told him, he came there in a civil way to demand his Wife, who was in his House, and he hoped he would not keep her from him. The Old Gentleman started at this, inquires who was his Wife, he replies, your Neice, Sir: and you know there is a certain sum of Two Thousand Pound that in her right belongs to me, which I likewise expect.

The Old Man thinking by his confidence that it was too true, in a rage runs up stairs, and meeting his Neice, Oh you Baggage (quoth he) I thought this you would come to, there's your goodly Husband below come for you, e'n get you gone to him: The Girl that knew nothing of the matter, verily believed her Uncle was distracted, and began to vow she knew not any thing he meant. Nay, never deny it (says he) but be gone to him, and with that drags her by the Arm down stairs, and pushing her towards the Apothecary; Here take her, he cries, and leave my House: As for the Portion you speak of, I shall not so easily part with it, but endeavour to preserve something for her Children, if she have any: The Apothecary with this being no less surprized, cries: What mean you Sir! I never saw this Gentlewoman in my life before. This put them all into a greater maze, but at last the Apothecary telling all the Histories of his Amour, they concluded he was horribly cheated, and pitty, the help-

helpleſs ſalve for miſery, was all the comfort they could give him.

But now the Squib is almoſt run to the end of the Rope, *Poſt Varios Caſus, Poſt tot diſcrimina rerum :* After theſe notorious Pranks daily plaid by our Extravagant Mock-Princeſs : Juſtice Orders her Apprehenſion, and after a tedious ſearch, ſhe is taken in the County of *Surry*, and for ſome time detained in the *Marſhalſeys*, thence brought to the Seſſions in the *Old Bayly*, the 17*th.* of *January*, $167\frac{2}{3}$. Where Sentance of Death was pronounced againſt her.-----Thus

----Raro antecedentem Sceleſtum
Deſervit Pœna pede claude.

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Thoſe Witty Crimes, when varniſh'd with ſucceſs,
To us ſeems ſmall, Heav'n counts them ne'r the leſs;
For ſoon or late muſt proudeſt Sinners come,
With Infamy, to their deſerved Doom.

Her Epitaph.

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UNder this Cannapy of Stone,
Who lies ? if you would have it known,
'Tis German Princeſs, no worſe Body,
Come now to her laſt Hole, at Noddy:
She was a Woman Great and High-born,
But late advanc'd higher at Tyborn:
Where by the Hangman, and the Carter,
She was Inſtaul'd Lady o'th Garter:
She came a Laſs, as far as Bantam,
And now ſhe ſups with Margret Trantam.

FINIS.